

A
Satyrical Vision,
O R;
Tragy-Comedy
A S I T
Was lately Acted in the City of
B R I S T O L,
Discovered in a
D R E A M.

18
What ill-bred-Stars, or what *Saturnian* Fate
Did at this Citties Birth predominate,
Unhappy Place, thy Fortune was severe
Business, and Fools are most in Fashion here:
Religion they profess, but yet have none
Wealth is the cheifest *Deity* they own.

By *E: Phileroy.*

L O N D O N,
Printed by *G. Croom*, for the Author. 1684.



TO THE
Poor Dejected, and Despairing
BRETHREN:

THE
*Dissenting CREW in General, under what
Names or Titles soever, they desire to be
Dignified, or Distinguished.*

Worthy Patriots.

I know not to whom I could more properly make the Dedication of the following Poem, since it seems naturally to crave your protection, not only as you are the Subject of it, but because its palpable you have endeavoured to monopolize every thing that has but the appearance of a Fault: so that tis but rational to infer that you are able to bear mine too, tho never

The Preface to the Dissenters.

so Numerous in this Poem, which I must confess was done in *Raptim*, and therefore must have the greater need of such *Patrons*; not but that its an unquestioned Verity that you have a sufficient stock of your own, without any addition of mine: For who (in the *Dizels* Name) has been the formers of all feuds and Animosities in this Nation? But you: Who the Authors, and Abettors of all things that may seem to oppose the common Tranquillity? But you: Who has endeavourd by all that *Hell* and Malice could invent, to make our Streets blush in Innocent Bloud, and Involve it once more into its *Oliverian Chaos*? But you: Who I say, has endeavourd the [Total] *Subversion of Monarchy*, the *Ruine of three Kingdoms*, the destruction of *Religion* it self, and the *undoing* of all that Dare to be its *Profelytes*? But you: So that by these and other your unparalleld Villanies (too Numerous to Inert) you have put *Hell* to a non-plus, and the *Dizels*, themselves into Distraction and Amazement, to see themselves out done, and all
together

The Preface to the Disseuters

together incapable of preparing a place for your reception, adequate to the Worse then *Scythian Cruelties* that you have, and would have perpetrated.

But not to make the *Porch* bigger then all the *Fabrick*, I shall conclude with this Charitable Prayer, may *Poyson* be your *Drink*, and *Toads*, worse than *Toads* your cheifest *Delicacies*, may your Names be Eternally Obliterated from *Honours Book*, may your Curse, but equalize your defects, and as you have ever made *Bloud* your Bolster to lye on, so let *Insupportable Greifs* be your *Play-fellows* and *Inseparable Companions*.

Adeiu,

E. P.

To

To the Loyal
READERS.

Gentlemen,

THere having been never any thing so
dismally represented to my Juvenile
Imaginations, as the late Horrid Proceed-
ings of the *Dissenting Crew* in General, and
Jack Presbiter in particular, I thought I was
oblig'd upon all occasions to Expose its
Abettors; especially, since they have been
pleased to reiterate all their *Pristine villanies*
in the late *Discovered* formidable *Plot*, against
the best of *Kings* and *Governments*, and how
farr this *Citty* has been Concern'd, I suppose
it would be Tautology in the Highest to
Incert.

To the Loyal Readers.

————— *It being known as far*
As is the Artick from th' Antartick Star

But you great *Souls of Numbers* (whom *Apollo* has made Heirs to his ever *Verdant Tree*) tis you, I say must Pardon my *Pen-Featherd-Muse* (who I fear by the following *unbak'd Poem* has made *Helicon* a *Puddle* not a *Spring*) and I doubt it not, when you Consider that she was willing to attempt some thing, nay resolved that these *Miscreants Exit* should be attended with a *Sheet*

But Gentlemen being unwilling to detain you longer with *Impertinences*, I shall only pray, that the *Fates* would be pleased to be so kind as to graunt me this small Request: That when I shall be matriculated amongst the *Dead*, (if that with *Pythagoras*, there be a *Metempsychosis*) that they would send my soul into a *Cat*, *Porpois*, or *Owl*: rather than any of these *Religious Alchymists*, these *Atheists* against *Earthly Gods*

That

To the Loyal Readers.

— — — *that persue,*
Deeds after which, no mischeif can be new.

To this Prayer, I shall only subjoin my
Resolution, which in short is to profess my
self Eternally,

Your Most Devoted Servant

E: Phileroy.

TO

T O H I S
Ingenious Friend *Phileroy*, on his
Satyrical Vision a Copy of which
was exposed and derided.

(1)

L Et factious Knaves and buisfy *Fools* rail on
(The inveterate Foes to th' Tribe of *Helicon*)
Whilst all impartial Men allow
 Whats to your merit due,
For when they disapprove of what you write,
 It argues Barrenness of wit
 In them, or Spight :
Yet whilst by them your wit's condemn'd ;
 It makes you more esteem'd
 By men of Loyalty and Sence,
For Envy always strikes at th' greatest Excellence.

B

Write

Write on then (Sr,) whilst empty *Criticks* do
 Their malice still pursue,
 For your desert by it, doth greater shew.
 Write on, and lash the *Soul-less Sots* to fence,
 And teach the *Rebel Crew* Obedience,
 Desist not Sr, nor think your merit less,
 Because not Crown'd with due success,
 The mighty *Laureat* (that darling of the Nine)
 Who in each Immortal Line,
 Doth wit and Judgment joyn,
 Whose muse alone boy's up the sinking stage
 (Such is th' Ingratitude of th' unthinking Age)
 Is not beneath his Bays, free from their brutish
 So senceless Curs (they say) are often known (Rage
 To bark with fury 'gainst the Radiant *Moon*,

Philo: Phileroy.

A

Satyrical Vision,

A *Pollo's fiery Steeds* were gone away,
 And quite withdrawn, to give a Noon of Day
 Unto the *Antipodes*, The fable Night
 Was now approach'd, and Day had took 'its Flight
 Serene the Air, and now each fragrant *Tree*
 Advanc'd it self, and all things pleasant be
 Dame *Flora* Struts in her new Livery :
 When Prest with th' plague of business, I with drew
 Into a Verdant Bow'r where I might Veiw
 The *Earth* which whileom did in *Pennance* stand
 Clad in a sheet of *Snow*, doth now command
 Her glorious Slaves, who by their yearly Rise
 Do Homage pay and make a Sacrifice :
 Mantles of Various *Roses* now we see
 Display themselves, and make a *Galaxy*,
 These with a Purling *Brook* (whose streams did glide
 And paid a Tribute to the *Gardens* Pride)

So charm'd my Sences, that I must resigne
 And quickly paid my Vows at *Morpheus Shrine* :
 No sooner was my Soul at Liberty,
 But through untrodden paths away doth fly
 Unto a place, where *Rebells* make their Nest,
 And *Factions* do, as in their causes, Rest :
Faction in all its Colours there did Ride,
 And saine it would *Eternally* abide :
 A *Hodge-podge* of Religions there did dwell,
 Heaven's their Pretention, but their aim is *Hell* :
 A Miscellaneous sort of *Rigid Slaves*,
Censorious fops, dull Fools, but Cursed Knaves.
 Here's *Splay Mouth* with his brace of Caps doth cry }
Hallow my Hearts, 'tis Cowards fear to dy; }
 Let's then pull down this *Babel Monarchy*;
 We are the *Saints*; 'tis we must *Rule*, not they,
 The Earth is ours, they therefore *shall* obey :
'Tis thus Resolv'd, nor shall thy fate withstand, }
 But, fall (Oh ! City) by th' unerring hand }
 Of us the *Saints*, who *must* and *will* Command.
 They then in *Shoals* appear, whose noise appalls,
 Much worse then Twenty *Irish Funerals* :
 The Hideous Clamour of great *Nilos* fall
 If but to them Compared was but small :
 In fine, these *Phaetons* the world would burn,
 And once more all into Confusion turn :
Affree in great haste descends from Heav'n
 (Hearing th' irrevocable Vote was giv'n)

Geneva

And

And being seated in her Splended Chair,
 Summons these *Miscreants* forthwith to appear
 And thus accosts them: Oh ye *Sons of Hell*:
 "That only do in Villany Excell;
 "To the *Black-Book* whether you will or not
 "You'r come, and must abide your Fatal Lot
 "Your Shameless actions now might shame the *Devil*,
 "That scorn not to be thought the *Summe of Evil*:
 "Oh Impious Age devoted unto ill,
 "Void of all Good, and is Resolved still
 "To persevere, When wilt thou taste thy fill?
 "Tis you that prosecute a Villany,
 "Which would create a Blush i'th Sun to see:
 "For if that *Transmigration* er'e was true,
 "Tis now, tis now, most palpable in you:
 "For *Hell* you Claim and take it as your due:
 "Oh! *Times Oh! Manners* which Antiquity
 "In all 'its Periods, nere the like could see;
 "Nor will *Posterity* beleive that Er'e,
 "Such horrid Actions perpetrated were;
 "You have resolv'd to seek out nothing less,
 "Then th' very *Quintessence* of Wickedness,
 "Fearing to come behind the Age before
 "In villanies, you now have Studied more;
 "And for applause will act them o're and o're:
 "Hence then dull *Plotters*, Hence ye *Romish Crew*
 "Make Room for *Nobler Sinners* that out do
 "As far the *Devils*, as the *Devils* you,

" Draw

" Draw neare ye *Blood-Hounds* you that fain would
 " States to Confusion, Ruine to a King : (bring
 " Draw near, and for your merits mount the *Tree*,
 " To which your *Fathers Coppy* makes you Free :
 " And (since you were *Ambitious*) you shall have
 " The *Gates* confer'd upon you for a *Grave* :

without
 or that,
 Confront
 ing parts,

" And you that did in so much honour Live,
 " As Councel to maintain *Prerogative*,
 " *Justice* hath seiz'd upon you ; make no doubt
 " That you shall have, therefore *I Spew you out*
 " But you brave *Hero's*, you that did Repel
 " These factious *Zealots*, and these broods of *Hell* ;
 " You that at *Helm* i'th *worst* of times did stand,
 " Resolving to defend your Native Land, (mand
 " And with your Lives maintain great *Charles* Com-
 " Blaze forth great Stars, for you shall each appear
 " A *Constellation* in our *Hemisphere*

" Hence then *Geneva Trash*, you'r out of date
 " When these *Bright Rays* appear, you dissipate :
 " Shine on *Brave Son's* and let these *Villains* see
 " (Maugre their Hellish Arts and Treachery ;
 " That you shall shine thus to Eternity
 " And now I go (methinks I hear the Skys
 " Eccho your praises in sweet Harmonies,
 " I Constitute you all my deputies :
 " But when these *Brats of Hell* shall once expire,
 " I'll make the *Devils* rage, the *Damn'd* admire
 " The *Flames* which *These* shall add unto *Their fire*,

" This

This said, she in great hast ascends the Skye,
And unto the *Celestial Mansions* Flies

No sooner gone, but faces we might see
As sad as greif could paint, or M-ery,
Some howld, and cry'd, eurst be this Fatal Day
Let dismal Clouds and darkness come, and may
It e're in *Times Book* be enrolled thus
Black, Hideous, Fatal Inauspicious.

The *Judges* sate, the *First* (with dismal Crys *Earledom*
And trembling that un-nerv'd his quaking Thighs)
Appeard, the *Devils Enchiridion*, he
That was his *Factor* for Iniquity :
This is the *Hieroglyphick* of all Vice,
The *Scum* and *Spawne* of *Fiend* now in disguise
Some took him for some *Noble-man*, and I
First thought there might be some Affinity
By's name, and faith he's *Great* in *Villany* :
His sentence was to teach the *Stones to Swim*,
To Cut the Water, fill seives to the Brim :
His odious Name when mention'd should imply
The *Summe* and *Abstract* of Iniquity ;
In fine, if e're he should appear again
To be the Perfect Subject of *Disdain*.
The next was order'd for to drink good Store
Without Delay of un-mixt *Helebore*, *Fin.*

When

When the next came there issued joyful Crys
(Such as did reach the Star-enamel'd Skys)

Dec. O Let that *Day* for ever *Banish'd* be,
And ever hid in dull *Obscurity*,

Let naught but ill-prefaging *Owls* appear,
Let it be curs'd, and quite forgot i'th Year.

Dug. 'Twas thought sufficient for the next, that He
Should *Renounce* do, in his *Wives Shift*, whilst she
Firks him, (as *Pluto Nol*) Eternally. }

Hilo. The next Appearance was a *Speaking Toast*
A *Living Sponge*, that all his Brains had lost:
The Sentence he receiv'd in Short was thus;
That he should punish'd be, with *Tantalus*.
Some say the *Devil's* unto *Black* inclin'd;

Brow. But faith he's *Brown*, and sometimes *White* we find:

Altus. Yet, that this difference reconcil'd might be,
'Twas order'd that they still be *One*, not *three*,
Since in *Black Crimes* they all so well agree. }

Coleman What Prodigy in Nature next doth move
Bless us! A *Horned Beast* with *Teeth* above!
Monster of Nature! Let him never be
Admitted into Mans Society,

Let him be *Pimp* unto his *Rampant Whore*

Let him (*Contented Fool*) attend the Door }

Till Time and Memory shall be no more,

A Wife' Heavens bless us! with a *Parboild Face*

A *Gypsie Varnish* to prevent Disgrace.

Next comes of *Tygers* or of *Panthers* brood, (Blood:
 Whose Dreadful Healths are Morning draughts in
 Replenish villain'd that *Hell* do's Inspire, (fire) *Cir.*
 May Heaven once more Vomit such fleakes of }
 As might make thee and all the Damn'd admire: }
 T'was order'd (that when *Rising Stars* should Spread
 Their Golden flames, and *Sol* withdraw his Head)
 For *Barking Owls*, *Ambiguous Bats* that he
 Without delay should a Companion be, }
 And hooted quite from all mens Company. }
Desert comes next, and he must *Merit* Well, } *Morning*
 'Therefore with *Stily*, he was sent to *Hell*, }
 And there 'twas thought would teach him to Rebel.)

Twice Sacred Powers assist my Trembling Quill !
(You that do ever haunt the Sacred Hill,)
Oh! be propitious, Oh! assist my Pen
To anatomize the Deeds of worse than Men.

The next Appearance was the *Stygian King*
 That Prince of *Acheron*, who with him did bring
 A Leash of *Beagles*, who their Game so well
 Pursu'd, that to be fire-brands of *Hell*
 They well deserv'd ; He therefore did desire
 They might be added to his hungry fire :
 And since they serv'd so well, without delay,
 He beg'd that he might them their Wages pay ;
 T'was soon agreed, since they were kno wn to be
 Th' exact *Perfection* of all *Villany* :

Leycor,
Wass,
Jack,

With

With that he Seiz'd them, and with his Nimble wings
 (So have I seen how from the Trembling strings
 The piercing Arrows quickly fly away)
 He breaks the boundless Air without delay :
 With that Exalted voices Reach the Skies,
 Which was succeeded with Resounding Cries,
 " If that in Hell there no more Torments be,
 " We'll not come there, because we them must see.

Ningdu
 Cor
 Hinde
 Gie—&c.

These, by some Mungrel Bats, Succeeded were,
 That of this *Faction* Crew brought up the Rear:
 These Sons of *Proteus*, that do ever Run
 With th' Current, and adore the *Rising Sun*;
 These *present Tenses*, that be that or this,
 Were by a Speedy *Metamorphosis*
 Transform'd, and in a Moment did put on
 The Various Forms of the *Camelion* :
 Thus the Rewards of *Faction* here will be
 Shame, or to Dangle on the *Fatal Tree*;
 Hereafter Horror, Pain and Misery. }
 With that a voice was heard like Thunder Loud,
 When it has broke through a divided Cloud.
 And thus began: —O ! Happy Happy Day
 " Be thou e're Crownd with *Sols* most glorious Ray;
 " I'm now imparadiz'd, methinks I see
 " The *Gods* descend, and joyntly do agree :
 " To honour it, Kind *Neptune* layes aside
 " His *Trident*, *Eolus* the Winds does hide :

"Methinks

"Methinks I see upon each smiling Wave
 "The Sportive *Nymphs* to Dance, the wind their slave
 "To wait upon them, now *Apollo's Quire*
 "With their melodious sonnets so Inspire ;
 "That the wild *Satyrs* Dancing on the *strand*,
 "Like gazing *Stags* they in amazement stand :
 "Swell then my Charming Joys, and let this Day
 "Be Consecrated, let it nere decay, }
 "Until the *Ox* take wing and fly away.
 "Let *Bacchus* now in burnish'd Gold goe Round,
 "And *Music* in a well digested sound
 "Shall pierce the willing Air in Sweet Contention,
 "Raping the willing Ears into Attention,
 "Our *Tables* shall groan with Varietys
 "Which may the most Luxurious Pallats please.
 "The studied Dishes which shall re-supply, }
 "Each vacancy will so invite the Eye,
 "That only with the fight 'twill satisfie : }
 "In fine wee'l think that we have lost that hour,
 "That adds not to our Pleasure or our Power :
 With that the *People* made the *Palace* Ring, }
 "Who in their Joyfull acclamations Sing,
Long live Great Charles, Long live our Gracious King: }
 At which with Silken Wings *Sleep* from my Eyes
 Quite disappears, and now away she Flies.

POSTSCRIPT.

Your Pardon Gentlemen, for Faith my Aiery Genius was not so trusty, as I imagined, (as I had like to have found to my cost;) For going the other day to hear what News; I was accosted by a Diminutive Book-Seller, who came quivering and trembling, (as doth the Earth when Neptune strikes,) and cryed Justice; For that he was left out in the preceding Poem : whereas (consideratis considerandis,) he had deserved it as much as any; I told him he should have Justice done : Upon which, I have presumed to subjoin this additional Character.

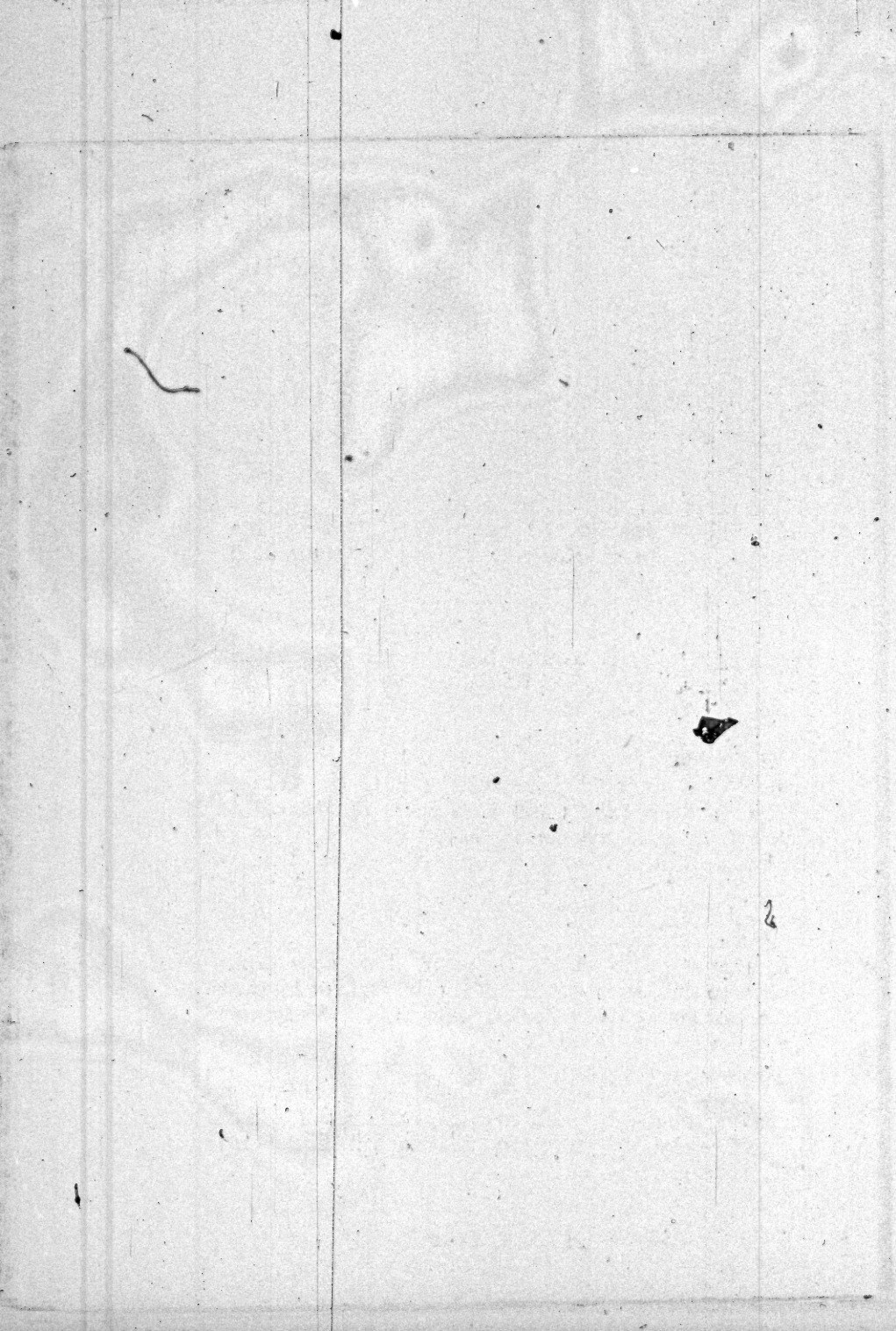
WELL then, to begin with my Gentleman, He is a True Jack-a-Lent that is so charitable to lend a light to others, but himself nothing but a Vapour : And if ever the Devil appeared in our times like a Samuel, it is he : For take him as to his appearance he may be tolerably honest; but when Opus, and Ufus, are the case (so it may be privately secured or obtained,) He begs your Pardon, and is a Devil with an Emphasis : That is to say a True Whigg : So that like the Apples of Sodom to look on, he may be fair and delectable, but come to the Test is wholly putrified : Take him in his return from a Tavern, he will make an Excellent Lawyer, for he ever makes Indentures as he goes: There is a great disproportion between his head and his glass, the former being ever empty, but the latter full, provided it be at other mens charges : He is an Exact Italian in Carnival Time, one side of him French, and the other Spanish; for when a Whig comes he is True-blew, but if Loyalty appear he is then as true as Steel; So that with the Marygold he follows the Sun, and opens and shuts with that that is uppermost . If we may term a Cypher any thing, he may then pretend to be something; for he was ever such in the Accompts of all that have tryed him, if so we may soon

soon summe up all that concerns him, which in short may be thus: *Newgate* (as long as he lives) is *The Gallie* he belongs to, whither he hourly expects to be sent for, in order to be matriculated, *The Gallies* when he dies) his unavoidable *Recevier*, and *Hell* (after his *Test*,) his most certain *Ne plus ultra*, where he will undoubtedly cheat *Pluto*, (as he did all that dwelt with him upon Earth,) for Quivering, Shaking, and Gnawing of Teeth, he hath so familiarized himself to here because he hath resolved they shall be no punishment to him hereafter. But more particularly;

As to his Parentage, he was begot by *Proteus* on a *Chimelion*. and for his Religion it is to chuse: for hee'll *Conform*, *Perform*, *Reform* into any *Form*, so as he may be *Vicar* of *Bray*, (that is, so as he may be kept from breaking,) yet to give the Devil his due he is so Religious, that he never awakes but with this *Godly Litaney* in his mouth, *from unfill'd Canons, and empty Bowls, Libera me*; for full ones are now as Natural to him as a Cittern is to a Barber, which, rather then want he would chuse all the *Plagues* of *Ægip*: He is resolved to Sympathise with his Trade, and hath therefore bound himself up in *Sheep-Skin*, (and is a *Sot*) in *Folio*: He is such a super-annuated *Sardanapalus*, that I Question if the Plague was a Woman, whether he would stick to Court it, for so, 3 might be saved (*i. e.* himself, *Bacchus*, and *Venus*) he cares not if the World runs into it's Pristine Deluge again.

In fine, as to his valour it's great. For he is *Cozen German* to the *Satyr* that fell dead at the noise of his own Horn, for going the other day through a Street, his Sword happened to touch his Leg, at which he was struck into such an unvented amazement, that his Limbs were immediately disjointed and un-nerved: From which perceiving he is never able to disengage himself, I must there leave him Quivering and Shaking till Time itself shall have

AN END.



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